

BRESNAHAN PREDICTS A PENNANT FOR THE CHICAGO CUBS—VAN LOAN'S "BLACKLISTED"

CUBS STRONGER THAN PHILLIES IN ROGER BRESNAHAN'S OPINION

Chicago Leader Believes He Can Win Pennant With One More Good Pitcher Added to Present Staff—Victory Over Alexander Gives Visitors Much Confidence.

Manager Bresnahan, of the Cubs, believes that he will win the National League pennant if he can find one more member of his pitching staff capable of keeping step with Cheney, Vaughn, Pierce and Lavender. To date Bert Humphries has failed to come through as expected and this has been a great handicap to the Cubs since July 3 when the double-headers began to come thick and fast. If Humphries can come back to his 1914 form Bresnahan is convinced that he has by far the best chance for the pennant.

Four straight defeats at the hands of the Dodgers were a serious blow to the Cubs, and Bresnahan even dislikes to have that series mentioned to him. "Do you know that the whole four games were fairly handed to the Dodgers," declared Roger. "Not only were all the breaks going their way, but our team was in a fearful batting slump. I never saw the Cubs pass up so many chances to win as they did in that series. Our pitchers showed better form against Brooklyn than in any recent series and all the defeats were by low scores. One little base hit inserted at the proper time would have turned each defeat into a victory and we had more opportunities in each than a team generally gets in a week."

"I think that the victory over Alexander will give the boys lots of confidence and they will come out of the batting slump that has caused the loss of many games that should have been easy victories. Alexander is troublesome to all clubs and he is certainly a wonderful pitcher. A victory over him naturally gives the boys the needed confidence.

"The Phillies are sure to be troublesome for some time to come with such a strong pitching staff, but I think my team is stronger in all other departments. I want one other pitcher to come through for me and I think my chance for the pennant is better than that of any team in the league. Though they were winning from us the Dodgers did not look strong enough to be feared in a long grind. I look to see either the Braves or Giants come along strong, but I think we will be out in front too far by that time for them to catch us."

Defeat May Prove Boon to Alexander
The winning streak of Alexander the Great was broken by the Cubs, but, after all, it may prove lucky for the Phillies. Winning streaks and record ball are sometimes bad things for pitchers, as was proved in the cases of Rube Marquard, Joe Wood and Walter Johnson, to say nothing of Jack Chesbro, who never came back after his sensational streak in 1904.

A defeat might have been better received, however, had it been suffered at the hands of some other club. When a pitcher goes along twirling record ball and compiling a record for consecutive wins which starts the fans shouting for a new mark it naturally places that pitcher under a strain.

The Cases of Marquard, Wood, Johnson and Chesbro
This strain generally becomes so great that when a twirler does get his bumps he is of little value to his team for some time, as was the case with the stars mentioned above. Joe Wood was in such poor shape after his run of 16 consecutive victories in 1912 that it was considered extremely doubtful if he would be dependable in the world's series against the Giants. A complete rest brought Wood around just in time. Walter Johnson was not very effective for the remainder of the season after his sensational string which reached the 16 mark before Wood beat him in a 1-to-0 pitching duel. This victory was the one that started Wood on his long run. Marquard cracked entirely for several weeks after his string of 19 straight, while Chesbro never came back.

It would be a deathblow to the Phillies' pennant hopes if the same thing were to happen to Alexander. The great twirler will not let this defeat worry him, and will most likely get his revenge in the final game of the series on Tuesday.

Cy Williams, Recruit, Great Outfielder
If there is an outfielder in the major leagues today who can cover more ground than Cy Williams, of the Cubs, he has not played here. Williams may not play the batters as well as Speaker, Strunk, Milan and a few other sensational fielders, but he is the best looking raw product seen here in years. If he acquires the aggressiveness and nerve that a few of the select possess, Williams should develop into one of the greatest players in the game.

Clarke and Herzog See Spurt for Braves
"Look out for the Braves!" is the warning sent out by Fred Clarke and Charley Herzog. Both of these pilots declare that there has been a marked improvement in the play of Stallings' team within the last two weeks. It was just at this time last season that the Braves started on their mad dash that was rewarded with a pennant. Also, remember that the Braves are not so far back as they were in 1914.

Poor Umpiring for Phils in Important Series
Perhaps the local fans will have to be satisfied with poor umpiring at the National League park for some time to come. President Tener allowed Bill Klem to officiate here for four days, and then sent him elsewhere. Klem is one of the few umpires in the game who give satisfaction at all times. He has appeared here only twice this season, while several others are continually here, much to the disgust of the fans. With such an important series at hand, it was rather surprising to see Klem switched.

Cubs Look Weaker Than on First Trip Here
Though the Phillies were beaten by the Cubs, and really outclassed, the Chicago team did not look nearly so good as it did on its first visit. This may have been due to the fact that it was a featureless game, barring some clever fielding by Williams; but the general impression is that several men have slumped down considerably. The left side of the infield appears to be particularly weak. The Cubs may not look so good when the opposing team gets off in the lead or when not favored by a grand exhibition of pitching such as Cheney gave.

When a Canard Is Not a Canard
Mr. Joe Vila, New York Evening Sun baseball expert, some days ago took it upon himself to "nail a canard" emanating from Philadelphia to the effect that Connie Mack was negotiating with the Chicago White Sox for the sale of Eddie Murphy. Mr. Vila, in New York, interviewed Mr. Mack, in Washington. Mr. Mack was quoted as denying outright the whole story. It is about time for Mr. Vila and some of his reliable associates to start another story of a three-cornered trade to benefit the Giants.

Even Experienced Jockeys Can Be Taught Something
Jockey Byrne, who gave Hedge such a poor ride in the first race at Belmont Park Thursday, will profit by his experiences. At least, he will have time to think over the matter properly, as he has been set down by the judges for the remainder of the meeting. A poor start does not always spell defeat for a horse in a mile-and-a-half race, and the sooner the present-day jockeys realize this the better it will be for every one connected with the turf.

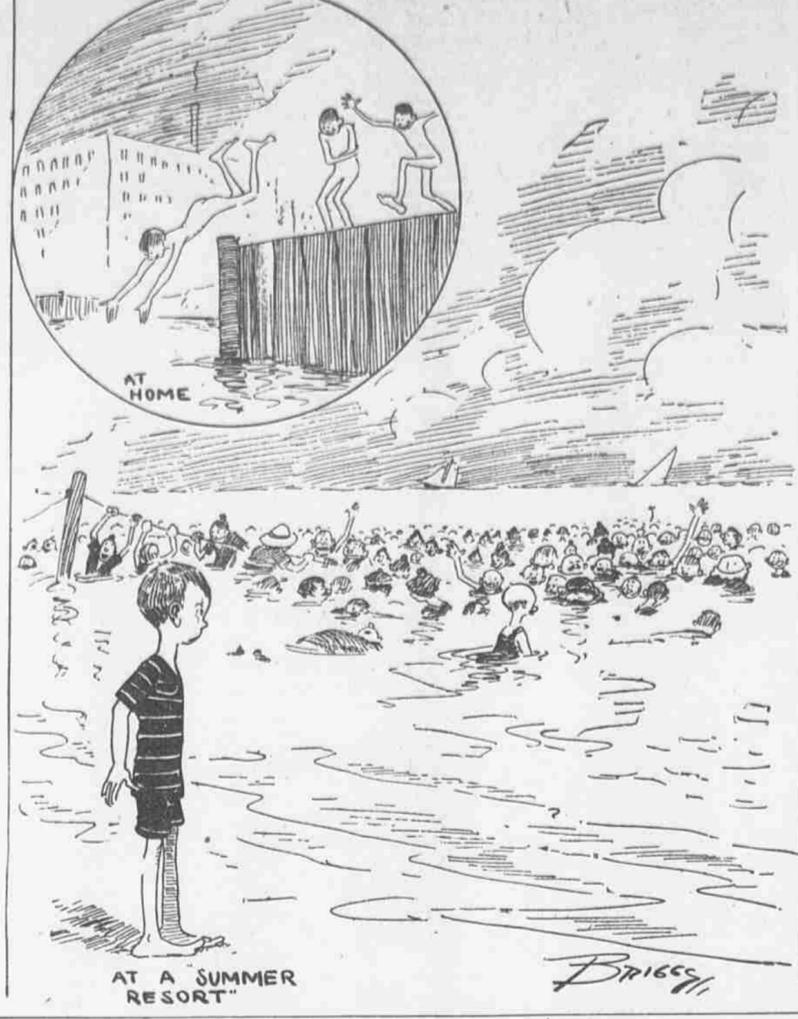
Hedge got away poorly, it is true, but it was clearly shown that he could have won had he been helped along during the early stages of the race. Hedge was not given a rein during the race, and at the end was fourth, and so close up on the leaders that almost any sort of a ride would have put him in the money.

Boston Red Sox Finally Oust Chicagoans
Those who predicted a victory for the Boston Red Sox in the American League race were rejoiced this morning to see that their selection for the flag of 1915 had ousted the White Sox out of first place and had taken possession themselves. Joe Wood's great pitching was responsible for the defeat of the Chicagoans. "Smoky Joe" came through in wonderful style, allowing the opposition but four hits, only one of which was for an extra base. Incidentally it was Eddie Murphy who rammed out the double off Wood.

Stuffy McInnis equaled the season's record for hitting yesterday in the Detroit game when he made five clean raps out of as many times at bat. Two of Stuffy's hits were for two bases each. Beside this splendid hitting performance, McInnis scored two runs and repeatedly electrified the big crowd by sensational catches of bad throws from the Athletics' infielders.

President Fitzgerald, of the Gushp Club, of the Canadian League, writes that the Phillies have just about closed a deal for Pitcher Matt Kirley, the most promising twirler seen in that league for years. Kirley is a big right-hander, and the Phillies desire him to report at once if the deal is closed, according to Fitzgerald. Perhaps this young man may be a "dark horse" in the National League race.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



NERVE OF GOLFERS HERE UNTRIED BECAUSE OF SMALL GALLERIES

Philadelphians Hindered in Big Tournaments Through Lack of Acid Tests in Practice—Notes on the Play in St. David's Tournament—A Ball That Was Lost

Nearly every committee that has had charge of local tournaments in the far this year has bewailed the fact that there have been no galleries to follow the play. They blame, in a measure, the showing of Philadelphia players in tournaments outside the city on just this score.

They say the perfect golfer is the one who concentrates, and the only way to learn concentration is by practice. One way to accomplish this is by having other folks look on. There is nothing like a gallery to boost a man's expert play, because it is distracting and critical, and if he can think only of his own game and put his best in it despite outside influence, he won't go far wrong.

For instance, the 12th is a drive and a shot to the green over a sloping depression, at the bottom of which is a narrow stream, so that it is possible for the ball to bounce over it in case of a "top" or an attempt to roll the ball down and up to the green.

The stream could easily be dammed and the resultant pond would be a pitfall necessary. This would make the hole a fitting climax to a round and would result in a very sporty affair as against the very ordinary hole at present.

E. H. Fittler used his wood in the St. David's tournament in a way that would have done credit to a professional. His shots were invariably long and straight. But he seemed rather at odds with his iron.

On the 12th he had a bad lie on a rock. "I'll use the club here that I hate the most," he said, and chose his niblick. He pipped about 4 feet to a small bunker. His next with it was off the green. After that he holed out and took the hole.

The only drive that C. B. Calvert missed in the whole tournament was on the 14th, when he pulled a short one into the rough. It rolled onto a flat rock. "Here goes," he said, "dat muck and all," and he whacked away for all he was worth. He had a beautiful ball—which shows there is no use of being afraid.

W. R. Yarrow, Merion, won 1 up in 20 holes from Ogden and 1 up from Roberts in the fourth sixteen, only to be himself beaten by Cleveland, 1 up in 20 holes.

Fittler had a fine time on the seventh hole in the finals. His pitch was to the right, opposite the green. He went clean across on his out and back again from the other side. He didn't try again.

The players from Aronimink rallied carried home the bacon. Eight qualified and five prizes were won. Calvert won the first sixteen, Maxwell the second, Cleveland the fourth, Bartholomew the defeated eight in the fourth and Strattel was runner-up in the third. Also Calvert tied with Wendell for the medal score.

There were nine 20-hole matches, one 13-hole and one went 21. Besides all this excitement a good proportion of the matches were settled on the 18th green.

R. P. McNeely, of Merion, took only seven putts for eight holes in one of his matches at St. David's last week.

The downslope put the course at St. David's in great shape for the finals. The turf held the "kicks" of the ball, and some very fine approach shots were made. Calvert's pitch to the second stood straight up two feet from the pin. He took up a divot and it was noticed to spin and end. The back spin was correctly played, right to left.

BLACKLISTED

Biggs, Pitcher (Average .700), Tells About Himself—He Has Grievance and Spills It—How He Joined Organized Ball and Met Ike.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN
The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction.

I AIN'T much of a hand to hunt for trouble, and never was; you can ask anybody that knows me, and they'll tell you the same. Still, there's times when a man ought to come out in the open and declare himself, and this is one of 'em.

I hate a kicker on general principles, but it's a pretty poor shout that won't holler when he's got a real holler coming—and I have.

When I do a thing, and it turns out wrong, I'll shoulder the consequences, and not try to sneak behind the other fellow. I ain't got a bit of use on earth for a liar, and indirectly I always aim to tell the truth, but I won't stand to be no man's scapegoat—I ain't built that way.

Some of the folks here in Templeton think I ought to write to the National Commission and give 'em Ike Small's number. I've thought it over, but what would be the use? A ball player has got as much chance to win out over his manager as he would have a chance to get a Supreme Court decision over them robbers. That's what the National Commission is for.

But if I can't put my side of the case before the National Commission, I can get it before the public, and that's why I'm writing this piece. I want justice, I do. I've been Ike Small's god long enough, and it's time the Bellingham folks found out about the mistake they made last fall—the time I had the pennant almost grabbed for 'em.

I'm a pitcher—a good pitcher, and I'll leave it to anybody that ever saw me work. My name is in the record books for last season—'Biggs, games won, 23; games lost, 12; percentage, .700.' Take it from me, there's plenty of big leaguers that don't get no such figures as that after their names! And most of them losing games were simply kicked away behind me—thrown away. If I'd had decent support, I'd have had record how to drive a school at the next few years. And the one game that I'm going to tell you about was simply stole out of my hip pocket by a fellow named Jimmy Dougherty. I get hot every time I think about it.

Maybe I better say I was a pitcher, because I'm not working at it now, and from the looks of things I won't be for some time to come. They've put me on the blacklist because I won't pitch for Ike Small no more. They ain't got no reserve clause in it, and I can't play for anybody but him. I don't wish 'em no hard luck, but I'd like to see 'em all hanging by the neck until I do. I'll never pitch another ball as long as I live, if I have to pitch it for that snake in the grass, and Ban Johnson and them other big bugs might as well hang up their riddles right now. When I say a thing I mean it. I reckon, if it comes right down to cases, I ain't forgot how to drive a job any day. They don't put a teamster on the blacklist just because his boss done him dirt.

I've pitched ever since I was a kid. As I got older, I better found I could put more on the ball, and when I was 19 I had a fast one that was like smoke in the wind. Control and curves, a change of pace, and a hop to my fast one. I reckon Joe Wood himself can't throw any more than I can. I used to pitch on Sundays for the Templeton Tigers, and we traveled all over the county, playing for the gate receipts and picking up sometimes as much as \$5 apiece, olly, olly fellow named Garrett noticed me how would I like to play in a real league, and quit work. I said that would suit me down to the ground, he began with long songs and dance about Christy Mathewson and Mortified Brown and Walter Johnson—how they all come from the small towns, and didn't get much dough when they first broke in, but was glad for the chance to show what

Afterward when I come to look the thing over, I found that I signed with the Bellingham Club for \$25 a month, less than I was getting for driving them mules, to say nothing of the side money I used to pick up with the Templeton Tigers. I holered some about that, but I'm doing you a favor, says he, and Christy Mathewson didn't get no more than that when he broke in, says Garrett, "and you can skin mules from now till the day you die, and you won't never be worth no more to your boss than you are at present. What you want to look at is the future. Of course, if you ain't got no ambition—if you want to be a mule skinner all your life—there's different."

Well, what could I say to that? Blame if Garrett didn't make me feel ashamed of myself for putting up a kick, it looked so kind of ungrateful after all he'd done for me. "I'm doing you a favor," says he, "because I'm interested in your future. I want to see you back there where you belong, pitching against Big Six and the rest of that gang. You can give Christy a terrible run right now, but you got to be developed some before you could beat him. Ike Small is the boy to develop you. He's so good at it that the big league scouts just hang around his club all the time, grabbing his pitchers away from him. You'll like Ike; he's a grand fellow."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

BEST ARE POORER AND POOR ARE BETTER IN NATIONAL LEAGUE

By GRANTLAND RICE

The Immune
They saw him charge from trench to trench,
Through pools of gore and deadly stench.
They heard him plunge on with a jeer
When sharpnel took away an ear.

And when the famous forty-twoes
Began to drop, with lighted fuses
They saw him in his careless pride
Rise up and kick them to one side.

And in some wild charge on the line,
Where chills assail the human spine,
They saw him face a bayonet,
And, yawning, light a cigaret.

Where deadly mortars scattered gore
He gave three cheers—and called for more.

The captain called in wonderment,
"Who can this hero be?"
"I used to umpire," he replied—
"This stuff is pie for me."

Another Record?
This is the 40th pennant campaign of the National League. In 25 years that he led no ball club has ever won a flag with a final percentage under .60.

The closest call was by Brooklyn in 1900 with a mark of .63.

To rise above .60 a ball club must win 58 out of the 104 games scheduled. New York, Pittsburgh, Boston, St. Louis and Cincinnati have little chance to get this high. And the two leaders to pass this barrier must win something like 50 of their next 75 games—or move along at a .67 pace.

And .67, as a pace, looks to be several figures beyond any consistency any club has shown as we meander moodily to press.

Conservative Dope
Dear sir—After studying this National League race closely it looks to me as if

Philadelphia, Chicago, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, New York, Cincinnati or Boston ought to win. Or is this a guess? PLATO PETE.

The Dodger Worry
There is only one kink in the classic tale where rosters' raucous voices rise and swell;
I am wondering who will pitch the first world series game—Rucker, Coombs or Aitchison—Pfeiffer, Douglas or Dell.

BROOKLYN FAN
Or maybe Rudolph, Tyler and Ames will stop us again, and cap your games. But will be no American League commander Is yearning to move against Alexander?

Norris Williams is considerable of a tennis player, but it requires more than swift progress through California ranks. It's a "hop on the fast one" out there—Zowie—Bloole—Good Night.

They say radium is fairly rare, but according to the dope Russ Ford parlayed about two square inches of emery into \$25,000.

"They say," said Jimmy Archer, "that ball players are not earning the big salaries they are getting. Well, I've been out there catching with two teams, smashed off by a foul tip, my glasses smashed by another, and two nights knocked out of joint. That ought to be worth a few dollars a week, anyway."

National League Park
DOUBLE-HEADER
Phillies vs. Chicago
First game at 1:30. Admission, 50c, 75c, 1.00. Seats. H. On sale at Gimble's and Seibert's.

TONIGHT—TONIGHT—TONIGHT
ALLEGHENY A. C. and B Street
OPEN AIR BOXING
JOHNNY NELSON vs. EDDIE McANDREW

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—NEVERTHELESS, THOMASINE, THAT FELLOW ALEXANDER COMES PRETTY NEAR IT

